



Hollow Eyes



 358  47  38

Chapter 1 by Deborah Dykstra

I stare into dead eyes, cold faces. I'm sitting on the damp cement, writing in my leather bound notebook I received from the annual gathering for the People. The view is slightly disturbing and sends a shiver down my spine, but no one could ever see my angst. I am Lucy Paige, I'm 16, and I am what people call anomalous, the strange, the persecuted. I would prefer to say I just experience things differently than the others. I could go in to detail about that, but I will elaborate on that momentarily.

So please, allow me to share the summary of my existence with you

I stood up to pack up my things continuing to observe how each human being moved, like ghosts, hollow, transparent. I placed my notebook in my bag, stood up and began to begin my journey home. I looked over the polluted waste-land that is home. I've seen pictures of what it used to look like, the earth I mean. Tall trees, so tall they could have stretched to the heavens. Vibrant flowers sucking in the sunlight as they thrived in such beautiful perfection. Our textbooks at school show photos of green fields stretching on for miles upon miles, and magnificent sunsets falling over the ocean. Now the sky is nothing but a sombre shade of grey.

As I momentarily lowered my line of vision toward the ground, I spot a small stem sprouting up out of a crack in the sidewalk. I blink, and I feel pulling at the corners of my mouth. Sometimes, when I see things like this, my heart jumps.

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I've heard lots of rumours about what becomes of people like me if the Crows ever found out about my secret. The Crows are a group of highly esteemed leaders, they are also referred to as the R.H.C.A or the Reverted Human Control Association. Some spoke of excruciating torture meant to harden you till you were no longer able to feel; others disclosed the idea of induced emotive resilience. Which is why I've lived my whole life learning to hide any smile, tear, and above all, laughter. You see, hundreds of years ago everyone was like me, expressive, or capable of emotion. One man, Edward L. Kissenger, upon many years of studying the human brain, came to the conclusion that without emotions, we could strive limitlessly, that we would be more capable of applying strategy and knowledge, but also that we would be capable of surpassing the highest form of human intelligence. As a result of Kissenger's studies the government began to apply such research by performing surgeries, removing the Limbic System and other parts of the brain that were of lesser significance; knowing that given time, evolution would begin to take place, erasing all the parts of the brain that provided us with a conscience, with feelings. I am a rare case, a hereditary malfunction, I am the result of recessive strain of DNA in my mothers body. I am a human living in a world of bodies.

Chapter 2 by DANDAN THE DANDAN ~ anyone still remember me?



I have emotions. I can laugh, I can cry. I can even feel hatred. But I have to hide it. They don't like my kind, full of expressions. Their view, of a 'perfect' world, is shown in this desolation of winter wasteland.

It's 5 years after the nuke killed of 90% of all humans, even more to animals. Areas with fallout are no longer dangerous because we are grown in a nuclear human factory, the place where children are wiped from their memories. But one person defies against this.

Her DNA serves an antigen to this designed virus. Our great great grandmother. Her descendents spread all over the world, including me. But one by one they were hunted down, experimented on.

They are trying to erase emotion from this world.

Erase fear

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Erase disgust

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Erase love

Chapter 3 by Barry Allen



There are no places to hide, otherwise, I would have found them by now.

Our city is surrounded by an enormous wall, built over many years of hard work. I wouldn't dare go out there, knowing the things behind it. There are mutations from the nuclear waste. It is too dangerous.

I would go if I had someone. Someone who could feel. Someone who I could depend on. We could live out there. A good idea, maybe, but a stupid idea if any.

School is tedious. I never try to find any friends there. But I have to go if I want any education.

I head home. It's a couple blocks away, and yet there is so much tension when I am going. A simple mistake could lead to me being experimented on. But my face remains emotionless.

I walk slowly. There are people wandering around the streets, but they notice anything different. My eyes stray across the people in the square, not looking for anything in particular. The people here are in perfect motion. They don't bump into one another, their talking is all at the same pitch. No difference. This is what no emotion does to people.

I walk a bit quicker now, now that there are fewer people walking around and I am closer to home. But I make a mistake. I bump into someone. I know him from school. His name is James. Shock is evident on my face for a second, then it's wiped away in a blink of an eye. I have to be careful. But there's something strange.

His face has an expression on it! Shock, but then relief, then nothing. He turns around stiffly and walks forward. I lightly tap him on the shoulder. He slowly turns around. I take his hand and drag him into a dark alley. I look around. No cameras. Good.

"What?" He asks, trying for a monotone but failing.

"What? What do you mean, what? And be quiet!" I hush him. He keeps struggling. "Who are you?"

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"Serum. They developed a serum. Tested on us. Didn't work. DNA. Too strong. Too different from the others."

"Who started this? Do you know who started the DNA pattern?" He could be related to me.

"Yes. My great-uncle. He started it." He's not related. And there's another generation. We could live.

Chapter 4 by Centania



"Uhh... Boss?" Parkens called.

"Hmm?" His boss responded.

"We uh... have a problem," Parkens said.

"Parkens? What do you mean by problem?" She questioned. "Patient number 7645 is uh...well maybe you better see for yourself." He responded with much hesitation.

"Lucy Paige?" She asked Parkens.

"Yeah, her ...umm Boss?" He said

"Yes, Parkens?" She asked growing impatient.

"She.. uh well Patient 5683 is uh... awake." He said in such a low voice that it was almost a whisper. His boss was in no mood to hear that. She thought that the DNA experiment had worked. She thought that everyone in that little colony except for Lucy Paige was almost lifeless. Just waiting around for their next order. Her little playthings. But no, patient 5683 was awake. She had overseen his procedure too. Nothing went wrong. At least she thought that nothing went wrong. So no she was not very happy to learn that James Connor was awake.

"Parkens?" She asked.

"Yes, Ma'am?" He said.

"Code Black," She responded, walking away.

Parkens sat back down in his swivel seat. Then he turned on the PA system.

"Code Black." He said. "Patients 7645 and 5683. I repeat, Code Black." Parkens let go of the button.

"Oh, and Parkens! Would you call Edward for me? He has some explaining to do." The woman said. "Yes, ma'am."

Chapter 5 by Jennifer Bell

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I back away from James, too turned to speak, but I believe that you're anomalous, too. I don't believe this. I held my breath.

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"I'm sorry, please don't kill--" James starts, his voice making me want to rip my hair out. "Wait, you have emotions, too?"

I growl out loud. He's such an idiot that he can't see the rage seething off of me. I realize that the only way for our kind to continue is to breed... with him.

I punch him hard, in the stomach. Ugh, I had to... to *breed* with this *idiot*!! I am beyond angry.

I rub my forehead. "Tell you what; give me your number and when I'm 18 I'll call you and we can discuss things. Until then, try not to get killed or captured. Think of the future generations."

James is still on the ground, clutching his stomach and squinting. I remember now that I sometimes underestimate my strength. I train myself regularly in case I need to fight off Crows, which has never happened before, so I am insanely strong.

I open my black notebook and tear out a blank page. I scrawl my number on it in the blue pen I stole from school.

"Take this and only speak to me if you have to," I say, shoving the paper down onto his chest. I feel my eyes become hollow as I filter my expression into that of nothing, that of an empty vessel.

I walk away with no mood to my steps, just the rhythmic *pat pat pat* of my feet rolling over the concrete. I stare into out into the horizon, into nothing, as I let my original thoughts wash away.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see a blinking red light, and I freeze.

Chapter 6 by Barry Allen



The sign of the Crows. A red light, shining from the alley I came from.

I couldn't have told you how terrified I was. But you don't know how it feels when a Crow finds you. You're either dead on the spot or experimented on. I can't say which is worse.

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I don't run, but I don't walk towards them. Men and women. Changed. Monotones. But as smart as anyone else here.

"Come with us, and maybe we won't kill you." As if that's worse than having no emotions. I almost laugh.

They put my hands behind my back and shove me forward. I try to kick one of them, but they make sure to avoid my legs. Shoot. I guess they noticed me practicing on the cameras.

"Where are you taking us?" Since James doesn't have the nerve to ask, I will. The man who has us doesn't answer. James doesn't do anything, not even struggle. So glad I have a partner. So helpful, especially when it's James.

The man opens a secret door, connecting to a large building owned by the Crows. I have never come near here. Too much fear of being spotted.

"Parkens will take both you from now on." Oh, no. Parkens had led the idea of this whole thing. Kissenger and Parkens. Both idiotic leaders.

Parkens walks into the room we have been taken to. Behind him walks another man I do not recognize.

"For years, you have managed to elude me. How? I have no idea. But you were very successful. Until today, where we caught both of you. Two people with emotion. Two! We rarely get this much information from your type in a whole year!" He grins.

"Oh, yes. I have emotion."

Chapter 7 by TGMan



"Why do you need to be such a control freak?" I asked. "Can't you just let it be the way it used to be?"

"No! If nobody has any emotions, then there won't be mistakes. No room for unneeded thoughts or feelings. If I control it, I can fix it. I can mess up!"

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"ARE YOU CRAZY?" I asked. "Can't you just let it be the way it used to be?"

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"Can't you just let it be the way it used to be?"

"Well, that's too bad that you don't see it that way," He glared at me. "Now let's see what we can do about you two." Parkens walked over to a drawer with some sort of lock on it. He put his face close to it and it opened. Seems like an eye scanner. He pulls out a device which I have no clue of what it is.

"What the heck is that thing?" I asked.

"Oh, this? This is what I'll use to make sure that I have truly erased your emotions for good. It's a mind eraser. It'll erase all your memory of your emotions and feelings and you'll be like everyone else. Perfect."

Both Jake's and my eyes widen. We need to find a way out. I need a distraction.

"So, um, you wanna hear a joke?" I ask searching for something I can use to escape.

"Oh, don't be silly! I know those tricks. You're not going to get away from me this time!"

Parkens walks over to an outlet in the wall and plugs the device into the outlet. I can now see that it has some sort of helmet form. He isn't lying about erasing our minds. He's going to force us to put it on and then activate it. Kissenger walks out of the room to what looks like attend something else. Parkens walks over with the device, "All right you foolish kids. It's finally time for me to make you both how you were always meant to be."

Chapter 8 by TGMan



"Wait!" I quickly spoke up. "Why do you want to use a mind eraser to erase our minds? Isn't that kind of unoriginal?"

"Oh for Pete sake, who CARES if it's unoriginal? At least I KNOW that it will get the job done. Now stop complaining so I can get these things on you two."

I search for some other way to distract him but nothing comes to mind. I look over at James for help but he just looks at me. Parkens walks over and grabs the mind eraser. I frantically look

around for something to escape but I can't find anything with my hands taped together and this rope keeping me tied to the chair. I know I can't hold well against stress. I raise my hands in the air and then I hear him yell that he's out of here. The tape breaks and my hands are free!

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"Hey! How did you escape?" Parkens turns around yelling at us.

"Oh, it's simple really," I say. "I simply broke the duct tape by applying force to it and then snapping it." James does the same and frees his hands.

"Well, it's too bad that you're still stuck to those chairs so I guess what? I WIN!!!! And there is nothing you can do to beat me!"

I soon realize that our chests are still taped to the back of the chairs. James and I both struggle to get it off but it's no use. Parkens walks over and places the machines on our heads and straps them down.

"Stop! Please don't do this!" I pleaded.

"NO!" Parkens yells, "You are MY pets and I control you!"

I tried to escape the tape but it was no use. Parkens picks up his remote and presses the red button. I feel a zap and then my thoughts begin to drain away. I feel weak and then everything fades and my memory is gone. I know nothing of my past... and am now a lifeless pet to Parkens... We have failed our Mission...We'll get em next time...

(You should make a part two of this story where they come back from being controlled and yes if this gets voted in just sugest a change to erase this sentence and ill accept)

the end

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